I will performe it to infranchiſe you.
Meane time this deepe diſgrace in brotherhood,
*T*ouches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well.
*Glo. W*ell, your impriſonment ſhall not be long,
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.
Cla. I muſt perforce, farewell. *Exit Cla.*
Glo. Go tread the path, that thou ſhalt nere returne,
Simple plaine Clarence, *I* do loue thee ſo,
*T*hat I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoule to heauen,
If heauen will take the preſent at our hands:
But who comes here, the new deliuered Haſtings?

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlain:
Well are you welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordſhip brookt impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience (noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue my Lord to giue them thankes,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment,
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall Clarence too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.
Haſt. More pittie that the Eagle ſhould be mewed,
While Kites and Buzars prey at libertie.
Glo. What newes abroad?
Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad, as this at home:
*T*he King is ſickly, weake aud melancholy,
And his Phiſitians feare him mightily.
Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeed.
Oh he hath kept an euil diet long,
And ouermuch conſumed his royall perſon,
*T*is very greeuous to be thought vpon.
What, is he in his bed?
Haſt. He is,
Glo. Goe you before, and I will follow you. *Exit Haſt.*
He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not die
*T*ill George be packt with poſt horſe vp to heauen.
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to Clarence. With

With lyes well ſteeld with weightie arguments,
And if I fayle not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take K. Edward to his mercy
And leaue the world for me to buſſell in:
For then *I*le marry Warwicks youngeſt daughte
What thaugh *I* kild her husband and her father
The readieſt way to make the wench amends,
*I*s to become hir husband and her father:
*T*he which will *I*, not all ſo much for loue,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her which *I* muſt reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horſe to market:
Clarence ſtill breathes, Edward ſtill liues and rai
When they are gone, then muſt *I* count my gain.

Enter Lady Anne, with the hearſe of Harry

Lady Anne. Set down, ſet downe your honourab
If honour may be ſhrowded in a hearſe
*W*hileſt I a while obſequiouſly lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous Lancaſter.
Poore kei-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale aſhes of the houſe of Lancaſter,
*T*hou bloodles remnant of that royal blood,
*B*e it lawfull that *I* inuocate thy ghoſt,
*T*o heare the lamentations of poore Anne,
*W*ife to thy Edward, to thy ſlaughtred ſonne,
Stabd by the ſelfeſame hands that made theſe hole
Loe, in thoſe windowes that Let foorth thy liſe,
I powre the helpeleſſe balme of my poore eyes.
Curſt be the hand that made the fatall holes,
Curſt be the heart that had the heart to do it,
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
*T*hat makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Then *I* can wiſh to adders, ſpiders, toads,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
*W*hoſe vgly and vnnaturall aſpect
May fright the hopefull mother at the view.